

The MESSENGER

of
OUR
LADY
of
AFRICA



Published by the White Sisters, Metuchen, N. J.

MARCH - APRIL, 1941

VOL. 5

No. 2

MISSIONARY GUILDS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Mission land.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagan Africans.

SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE

A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on:

- (a) the day of their enrollment as promoters.
- (b) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

For information about vocations, write to our American Postulate:

Reverend Mother Superior
319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over thirteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

To avoid the Mission unnecessary expense, kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

CONTENTS

	Page
THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE DEVIL .	12
AROUND AFRICA'S GREAT LAKES ...	14
WHEN "IZRAIL" THE ANGEL OF DEATH PASSES	15
DOINGS OF THE GUILDS	18
THE PALM TREE	18
GUY DE FONTGALLAND	19

THE MESSENGER OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA is edited and published bi-monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa (White Sisters), Metuchen, New Jersey. Annual subscription, \$1.00. Entered as second class matter December 15, 1931, at the post office of Metuchen New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

The Adventures of a Little Devil

The Little Devil and the Poor Lady



How it comes about that little devils like Conk and Pong are unemployed.

ONCE upon a time there was a little devil named Conk, which was the name given him by the other devils because he had a long tail and was Very Inquisitive. Sometimes he used to sit on his tail and Gnash his Teeth all day which he liked doing very much, at other times he bustled around tempting people, which he liked still better.

One day, after a particularly long and arduous spell of Gnashing, his teeth felt Quite on Edge which always made him feel Very Vicious Indeed, so he set off to find somebody to tempt. Taking a look round he saw a Poor Lady looking at a little book. This made him Even More Vicious because the book was a missionary magazine and he couldn't stand missionary magazines at any price. They always reminded him of the Unemployment Question and the Housing Problem which were both becoming acute among devils in missionary countries owing to the goings-on of the missionaries, who didn't get on with any kind of devils at all, not even little ones like Conk. There was that sad case of a friend of his called Pong for instance who had had a very trying time of late in Africa, but that's another story.

As Conk sat watching the lady and grinding his teeth a little sheet of paper fell out of the magazine which the Poor Lady picked up quickly. "Oh dear,"

she said, "that's my subscription due again, that's one dollar not counting the postal order and the stamp, *oh dear, oh dear.*" Now Conk being of a Very Inquisitive Temperament was listening hard and when he heard his tail started wagging left - right, left - right. He hopped a bit nearer the lady and shading his eyes from the missionary magazine, which he didn't like because it reminded him of what we said before, he started whispering nasty little somethings into her ear.

"What's the good of it anyway," he said, "there are too many people asking for money nowadays and it's wartime too and things are getting dearer and dearer and you're not getting so much money! You've got to save money somewhere and you might as well save one dollar here, these people are always asking for Money, impudence, I call it, I wouldn't stand for any more of it if I were you."

The little devil whose name was Conk would have gone on for a long time like this because he had a very long tongue and he had often said this kind of thing before, but just at that moment someone trod on his tail hard and strong, which was a very Tender Tail. He jumped up and what do you think, there was a Guardian Angel on the other side of the Poor Lady looking hard at him. Now if there was one thing that didn't agree with Conk it was Guardian Angels, they always gave him the Pip and made him feel Very Poorly for a long time. So he went off into a dark corner where he could nurse his tail and Gnash his Teeth in peace until he felt a bit better. But he didn't get

IMPORTANT INFORMATION

In order to facilitate the renewal of your subscription you will find enclosed an addressed envelope. Kindly insert the price of the subscription, seal, stamp and mail.

We ask our Guild Members and those who have already renewed their subscription, not to take notice of the envelope.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE DEVIL (Concluded)

better because he couldn't help hearing the awful things the Angel was saying to the Poor Lady, Positively Heartbreaking it was for a poor little devil to have a Good Bit of Business spoilt like this and him only just out too.

"But when things are going bad," said the Angel, "it's just then you want Someone to Help You and who's going to do that I'd like to know if Almighty God doesn't. He's the one you want to help you so don't start economising on things you give to Him. I knew a Man in Business once who wasn't doing very well owing to Times being Hard but every time he had nearly nothing left he used to give half of it away to the poor and then God came and gave it back with a lot more too. I know because I had a lot to do with it. Even if God doesn't give you back money He gives you things that are much better than money." And then the Angel said to himself, "What silly things people are, if they only knew they'd be more sensible I'm sure.

While he was saying this the poor little devil was getting all Worked Up in the corner, jumping up and down first on one leg then on the other and now he cried out, "Stop it, stop it, I say, it's all rubbish, I never heard such nonsense." But the Guardian Angel looked at him as if he were a Person to be Despised and just went on talking to the Poor Lady.

It's no good your saving up and trying to make both ends meet if God doesn't help you; you take my advice and pay your subscription, besides, if you knew how hard the missionaries work and how many people they keep safe from little devils like Conk here you would do even more for them, and save up something else for them."

Then the Poor Lady smiled and said she would, and the Guardian Angel looked at Conk as if there was Something Wrong with him, which there was really, and he went off in a puff of smoke back to where he came from, although he didn't really want to go because it wasn't very comfortable there, not a bit. And the Poor Lady was so pleased you've no idea and she lived Happy Ever Afterwards. And that is the End of the Tale of the little devil and the Poor Lady.

THE 12th NATIONAL C. S. M. C. CONVENTION JUNE 27 TO 30

Our sincere gratitude extends to our devoted and zealous Very Reverend Msgr. Freking, National C. S. M. C. Secretary, for inviting us to partake in the 12th Mission Crusade Convention and Mission Exhibit which will take place in Rochester.

It is always with much enthusiasm that we accept this invitation and with much interest that we follow the efforts of our Crusaders.

May God bless their great and noble endeavors to sustain the Missionaries and Missions.

Prayers will be offered for the success of this enterprise and may many vocations be reaped for the abundant harvest.

FROM A MITE TO A CHALICE

Please save your old silver or gold jewelry, relics and trinkets which are hoarded away and they shall be changed in a lovely chalice.

Your small sacrifice shall give you the grace to participate in the Sacrifice of all sacrifices — the Mass.

TWO FIVE-DAY WORLD-WIDE EXHIBITS IN DETROIT

These Mission Exhibits which have both been marvellously attended have brought to the people of Detroit the needs of the missions — especially the need of Sisters in the Mission Field — where labors are varied and numerous.

Whence shall the needed vocations come? And in what way can more vocations be had?

Vocations will come from the best Catholic homes and in answer to constant prayers.—

May these different Conventions and Mission Exhibits bear the looked for goals.—

VOCATIONS

Spiritual and Financial Aid

We wish to express our sincere gratitude to the Most Reverend Edward Mooney, D.D., Archbishop of Detroit whose zeal and interest in the Missions have been manifested in many occasions; to Father De Barry, Director of the Propagation of the Faith, for his kind invitation; and to all who have helped us in any way to make known our work and to prove this exhibit a success.

Around Africa's Great Lakes

My dear Mother:

Mangu, Kenya, 18th April, 1940

I thank you for the two parcels which I have received at Easter. Everything is appreciated and put to use either in the English or Native Schools. The Sisters are ever so pleased with the least thing they receive for their little ones, and there are ever so many little ones to please.

Oh! Mother if you could only supply Mangu with a typewriter*, each child could have a book, then what joy there would be! and what energy to study the A.B.C.'s.

My brother sent me newspaper clippings about a blizzard they had. You probably felt it also not being so far from home. (My home is Central Falls, five miles from Providence, R. I.) While you are fighting snow, we here in B. E. Africa are battling with droughts.

For two years now we hardly had any rain and consequently famine has settled here. Our Kikuyus are refusing work saying: "I had no food, I have no strength to work, I am with hunger." We have lost cattle on account of the drought.

In March a few showers rejoiced everybody. We all set to plant maize, beans and other products for the Natives. In a fortnight everything was green and all looked forward to a good crop. The Natives would say: "Our stomachs are half full." But God's ways are not ours.

One morning we found the caterpillars on the mission grounds doing their work of destruction. There were swarms of them not only at the mission, but all over — districts and districts were covered with them. All was destroyed, not a green speck was to be seen anywhere — they stayed with us for two weeks. The poor Natives were dismayed — and back again in the same position as before the rain.

Last week we had refreshing showers — and began to sow again. We have hopes that God will give us a good season this year, even though it does not look like it as yet.

Please pray God with us that He may have pity on us and give us rain. Otherwise what shall we do with those orphans? Already last October we were obliged to reduce their number on account of the famine.

Thanking you

Sr. M. St. Moses, W. S. (Miss A. Coutu, Central Falls, R. I.)

* Thanks to the kindness of Monsignor McCloskey (Red Bank, N. J.) the typewriter is on its way.

Dear Mother Theodora:

Bwanda, Uganda, February 12th, 1940

A thousand thanks for the books. They are a great help for our Spiritual Reading. "Tusimye bwongenva" which means, "Will be delighted with another helping."

I hope you have received my letter for Sister Cornelia which I sent some months ago to thank her for her books: "The Child's Messenger of the Sacred Heart"; they are very nice and the girls love them. Perhaps she would go on sending them when her children have no more need of them.

This year I have the so-called Secondary School, two classes, three girls in one and four in the other, with a possible three making up their minds about it. You would not know of any patent medicine which would give girls the desire of Secondary School education? They all seem to think it is some kind of a hidden guillotine.

The Normal School on the contrary is overflowing and some have had to be refused.

We have in all, some two hundred and fifty children to be fed every day, and that is a problem as we have had a long spell of drought - the bananas do not grow well and the sweet potatoes are all spoilt. I can sympathise with the Old Woman in a Shoe, but our children get more than broth and are neither whipped nor sent to bed.

Here are a few school problems that may interest you:

A Native Sister has a class of seventy children and only ten slates and slate pencils. Yet all the children must be taught Writing and Arithmetic on the said slates with the equally limited number of slate pencils. Impossible, you will say! No! The Sister succeeds in teaching all her pupils to read and write not only fairly but well.

In another class there are fifty children in five different stages of reading; during one lesson the teacher has to keep them all occupied, interested and progressing.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE DEVIL (Concluded)

better because he couldn't help hearing the awful things the Angel was saying to the Poor Lady, Positively Heartbreaking it was for a poor little devil to have a Good Bit of Business spoilt like this and him only just out too.

"But when things are going bad," said the Angel, "it's just then you want Someone to Help You and who's going to do that I'd like to know if Almighty God doesn't. He's the one you want to help you so don't start economising on things you give to Him. I knew a Man in Business once who wasn't doing very well owing to Times being Hard but every time he had nearly nothing left he used to give half of it away to the poor and then God came and gave it back with a lot more too. I know because I had a lot to do with it. Even if God doesn't give you back money He gives you things that are much better than money." And then the Angel said to himself, "What silly things people are, if they only knew they'd be more sensible I'm sure."

While he was saying this the poor little devil was getting all Worked Up in the corner, jumping up and down first on one leg then on the other and now he cried out, "Stop it, stop it, I say, it's all rubbish, I never heard such nonsense." But the Guardian Angel looked at him as if he were a Person to be Despised and just went on talking to the Poor Lady.

It's no good your saving up and trying to make both ends meet if God doesn't help you; you take my advice and pay your subscription, besides, if you knew how hard the missionaries work and how many people they keep safe from little devils like Conk here you would do even more for them, and save up something else for them."

Then the Poor Lady smiled and said she would, and the Guardian Angel looked at Conk as if there was Something Wrong with him, which there was really, and he went off in a puff of smoke back to where he came from, although he didn't really want to go because it wasn't very comfortable there, not a bit. And the Poor Lady was so pleased you've no idea and she lived Happy Ever Afterwards. And that is the End of the Tale of the little devil and the Poor Lady.

THE 12th NATIONAL C. S. M. C. CONVENTION JUNE 27 TO 30

Our sincere gratitude extends to our devoted and zealous Very Reverend Msgr. Freking, National C. S. M. C. Secretary, for inviting us to partake in the 12th Mission Crusade Convention and Mission Exhibit which will take place in Rochester.

It is always with much enthusiasm that we accept this invitation and with much interest that we follow the efforts of our Crusaders.

May God bless their great and noble endeavors to sustain the Missionaries and Missions.

Prayers will be offered for the success of this enterprise and may many vocations be reaped for the abundant harvest.

FROM A MITE TO A CHALICE

Please save your old silver or gold jewelry, relics and trinkets which are hoarded away and they shall be changed in a lovely chalice.

Your small sacrifice shall give you the grace to participate in the Sacrifice of all sacrifices — the Mass.

TWO FIVE-DAY WORLD-WIDE EXHIBITS IN DETROIT

These Mission Exhibits which have both been marvellously attended have brought to the people of Detroit the needs of the missions — especially the need of Sisters in the Mission Field — where labors are varied and numerous.

Whence shall the needed vocations come? And in what way can more vocations be had?

Vocations will come from the best Catholic homes and in answer to constant prayers.—

May these different Conventions and Mission Exhibits bear the looked for goals.—

VOCATIONS Spiritual and Financial Aid

We wish to express our sincere gratitude to the Most Reverend Edward Mooney, D.D., Archbishop of Detroit whose zeal and interest in the Missions have been manifested in many occasions; to Father De Barry, Director of the Propagation of the Faith, for his kind invitation; and to all who have helped us in any way to make known our work and to prove this exhibit a success.

Around Africa's Great Lakes

My dear Mother:

Mangu, Kenya, 18th April, 1940

I thank you for the two parcels which I have received at Easter. Everything is appreciated and put to use either in the English or Native Schools. The Sisters are ever so pleased with the least thing they receive for their little ones, and there are ever so many little ones to please.

Oh! Mother if you could only supply Mangu with a typewriter*, each child could have a book, then what joy there would be! and what energy to study the A.B.C.'s.

My brother sent me newspaper clippings about a blizzard they had. You probably felt it also not being so far from home. (My home is Central Falls, five miles from Providence, R. I.) While you are fighting snow, we here in B. E. Africa are battling with droughts.

For two years now we hardly had any rain and consequently famine has settled here. Our Kikuyus are refusing work saying: "I had no food, I have no strength to work, I am with hunger." We have lost cattle on account of the drought.

In March a few showers rejoiced everybody. We all set to plant maize, beans and other products for the Natives. In a fortnight everything was green and all looked forward to a good crop. The Natives would say: "Our stomachs are half full." But God's ways are not ours.

One morning we found the caterpillars on the mission grounds doing their work of destruction. There were swarms of them not only at the mission, but all over — districts and districts were covered with them. All was destroyed, not a green speck was to be seen anywhere — they stayed with us for two weeks. The poor Natives were dismayed — and back again in the same position as before the rain.

Last week we had refreshing showers — and began to sow again. We have hopes that God will give us a good season this year, even though it does not look like it as yet.

Please pray God with us that He may have pity on us and give us rain. Otherwise what shall we do with those orphans? Already last October we were obliged to reduce their number on account of the famine.

Thanking you

Sr. M. St. Moses, W. S. (Miss A. Coutu, Central Falls, R. I.)

* Thanks to the kindness of Monsignor McCloskey (Red Bank, N. J.) the typewriter is on its way.

Dear Mother Theodora:

Bwanda, Uganda, February 12th, 1940

A thousand thanks for the books. They are a great help for our Spiritual Reading. "Tusimye bwongenvu" which means, "Will be delighted with another helping."

I hope you have received my letter for Sister Cornelia which I sent some months ago to thank her for her books: "The Child's Messenger of the Sacred Heart"; they are very nice and the girls love them. Perhaps she would go on sending them when her children have no more need of them.

This year I have the so-called Secondary School, two classes, three girls in one and four in the other, with a possible three making up their minds about it. You would not know of any patent medicine which would give girls the desire of Secondary School education? They all seem to think it is some kind of a hidden guillotine.

The Normal School on the contrary is overflowing and some have had to be refused.

We have in all, some two hundred and fifty children to be fed every day, and that is a problem as we have had a long spell of drought - the bananas do not grow well and the sweet potatoes are all spoilt. I can sympathise with the Old Woman in a Shoe, but our children get more than broth and are neither whipped nor sent to bed.

Here are a few school problems that may interest you:

A Native Sister has a class of seventy children and only ten slates and slate pencils. Yet all the children must be taught Writing and Arithmetic on the said slates with the equally limited number of slate pencils. Impossible, you will say! No! The Sister succeeds in teaching all her pupils to read and write not only fairly but well.

In another class there are fifty children in five different stages of reading; during one lesson the teacher has to keep them all occupied, interested and progressing.



Five times a day the Muezzin calls the "Believer" to prayer.

The Agony

SLEEPING on his mat, turned towards Mecca, his forefinger raised to affirm his faith, the "Believer" is about to die!

In the little patio, the women are already lamenting — At the men's gathering, a "venerable" sews the winding-sheet. Perhaps a foreseeing housewife has started to heat water for the final ablutions. None of our sentimental modesty surrounds their bed of agony!

The dying person knows that soon, perhaps too soon his body scarcely cold will be buried — with mourning songs and if an elderly person even with "titiliouin" of triumph!

But the religion of abandon has since his infancy imbued the morphine of its fatalism in his veins. And now, it is the supreme delirium of the formula which allays fear and helps to bear grief with a false appearance of heroism.

Charity Relieves

However, at least by some exterior manifestations, Islam must affirm its belief in the survival of the soul.

Near the threshold of the house, in the narrow street, a small fire is built: three stones, some dry palm branches — and soon in the earthen pot a porridge of wheat will boil gently. When the "Muezzin" will have called to twilight prayer, the poor, the children will come to take part in the feast —

And yonder, in the sandrift which envelops it, the body will feel its grave enlarged and the vault weighing less heavily. For "Charity covers a multitude of sins," and the satisfactory worth of charity lives inscribed in the depths of hearts, most deeply wrapped in darkness!

When "Izrail"

Purifications

Shortly after the decease, the washing and shrouding takes place. An old woman, wrinkled, silent as a shadow, performs these functions.

She mixes water with henna, the allaying and purifying plant so dear to the Orientals. She sprinkles the walls, the mat, the threshold of the room, the house, with this solution and all the while repeating mysterious incantations.

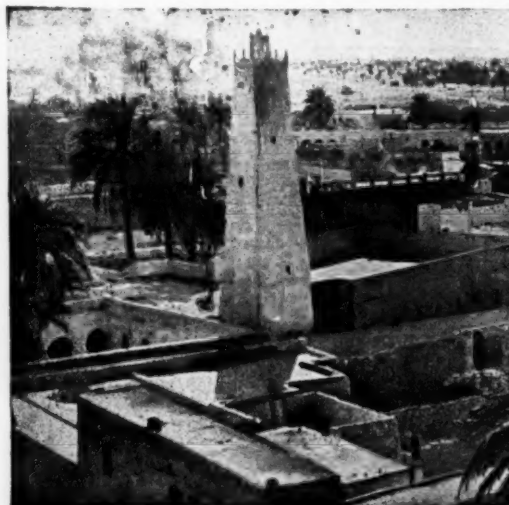
Then they leave for the cemetery, carrying on a pole the clothes of the deceased, letting them drag all the way. Having arrived at the tomb, it is sprinkled as well as the clothing with this precious mixture, while they lavish on the dead their consolations and childish encouragements: "You are not the first to die, O my brother! Courage! We too must pass that way! The doors of God are large!"

The clothes are then washed at the nearest fountain, and thus the animosity of the deceased having been appeased the germs of death destroyed, they share the meager spoils.

The Soul Flies Away

Seven days have passed . . . The soul has remained in good company with the body . . . Today it is going to leave it. At the break of day, the women have gath-

View of Ouargla and one



" the Angel of Death Passes

ered in a "mendil" woolen rag, the little round biscuits, still hot, and wrapped up in their thick veils, fearing and busy like the Holy Women of the Gospel, hasten outside the walls toward the tomb.

Having passed the "Door of Spring" with the wide desert stretching before them, faces emerge from under the draperies. They now step lively — if he had already departed! At last, the tombs appear, chaos of stones and debris in the rose gold sand. Hearts beat . . . "There he is, it is he."

In fact, a small bird was flying around the still fresh pottery which identifies the tomb. It flies away. "Good-bye, Good-bye. Forgive us. We shall see you no more. It is over!"

The little bird has disappeared. The eyes, for an instant tearful, are quickly dried. Near the tombs they install themselves and chat while feasting on the little propitiatory cakes.

I have never heard it said that a woman came too late to assist at the flight of the little bird . . .

Widowhood

The time of widowhood having passed, (public mourning lasts forty days) the woman assembles her dearest friends in her house. She still has the hair and

feet covered in sign of mourning. Since the early morning, she has busied herself preparing a feast day meal, duly spiced, that she has set on the large "arkout" of wood.

In the darkened "l'oukamar," a little lamp burns, the women surround it in a half silence.

Suddenly a gust of wind blows it out. A superstitious fear fills all hearts: it is the last farewell of the dead . . .

After a few seconds of meditation, the lamp is lit again. They take possession of her who was a widow: she is attired in her finest clothes, adorned with her jewels and her hair done up again in a "tinfert," perfume and oil being lavishly used.

They eat . . . and the past now closed, eyes turn to the future.

The Little Flame

Sometimes still, more specially on feast days, a few families light a small lamp in the house of the deceased. Friends walk in saying: "Your lamp is burning . . . May God have mercy on him." They sit down for a moment, accepting a few dates, or green tea, strongly sweetened. They talk of one thing or another. The little lamp burning there stands as a memorial — does it not dispense from more ample souvenirs? —

Poor little flickering flame so different from that more intimate and profound devotion for our dear departed ones. These poor people still seated in darkness cannot measure the strength of our Christian hopes for they ignore the depths of our sorrows . . . but how vivifying and sweet, the beautiful liturgy of the Church cradling our dead, appears to us.

Sr. Germaine-Marie
Ouargla, Sahara

CANCELLED STAMPS OF ALL KINDS AND COUPONS

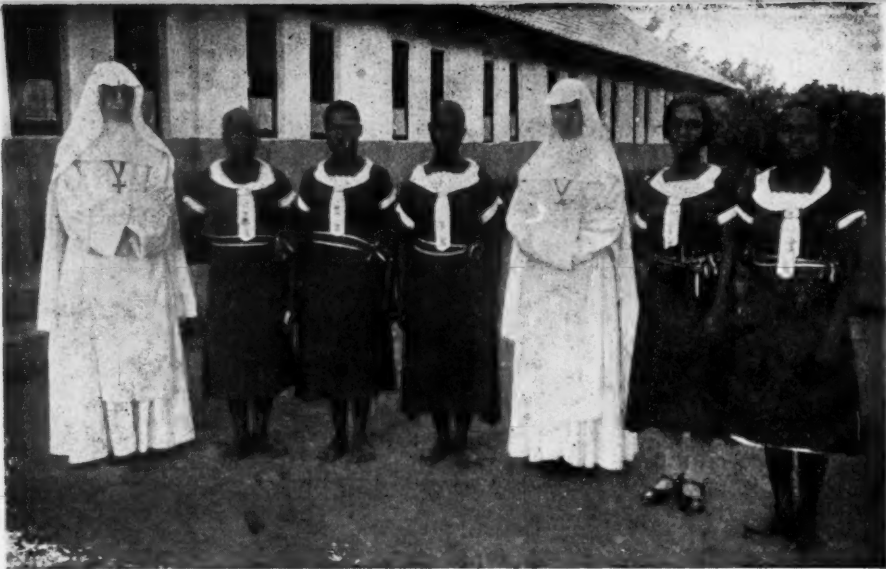
Tear them from your envelope with a little margin of the paper. As soon as you have a few pounds, mail them to

WHITE SISTERS CONVENT

319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey
Coupons will be welcomed and appreciated.

and one of its Minarets.





Secondary School Pupils and their Teachers, to the right Sr. M. Bride.

AROUND AFRICA'S GREAT LAKES (Concluded)

Already sometime ago, our Native Sisters have received permission to keep the Blessed Sacrament in their houses, but poor things, they have neither altar linen nor sacred vessels. As there are only four or five in each convent, a small ciborium would be sufficient, and one set of vestments. They would have Mass only once a week. If ever you know of anyone willing to give something in that line, please think of us.

Again thanking for all

Sr. M. Bride, W. S.

Dear Mother:

UKEREWE, Tanganyika, March 3rd, 1940

Mother Majella from Mangu has asked me to thank for the beautiful Chalice she received for Mwanza. I dreaded to think that it might have gone to the bottom of the ocean and did not dare mention anything about it to our Sisters from the city . . . Now it is a pleasure for me to inform them about the surprise awaiting them.

What can I say about our life out here other than - one is most happy. Our Christians increase from one hundred and fifty to two hundred each year. There are actually less catechumens or rather newly baptised - but this had been foreseen and is only a transitory stage. The Natives are pleading for instruction - if only there were more missionaries! We are asking the Lord to fill your house with good and solid vocations. If only they knew how much more could be done in the Master's field if we were more numerous . . .

Among my pupils I have little rascals but good little ones. This week two of them played truant for two days. Their parents living at two hours' walk from the Mission, they stay here with their aunt and grandmother. Monday, after school they asked to go home: "Yes, but on condition that you be back tomorrow." Tuesday they did not put in an appearance, neither Thursday. Friday they were on the dot to file in with the others. One of them tries to do so on the sly while the other waits at the tail of the line till all have marched in and then walks up to me saying: "Mama, I have not come back because my father said: 'Come and take me to the boat,' Wednesday it rained hard and Thursday . . . Thursday, we stayed home only, all the time . . . if you think I deserve punishment, I will do the penance."

What would you have done, Mother?

Sr. M. Prisca, W. S.

Rubaga, Uganda, 10th Nov., 1940

We were just told something nice: An old Muganda died lately, having a debt of 100£ to Father Lourdel on his conscience. At the last hour, he asked his son to pay the 100£ to the White Fathers as Father Lourdel died long ago. — So did the son. — Is it not a beautiful example of probity?

Mother M. Aloyse, W. S.

Doings of the Guilds



International Complications Prove Profitable for the Missions

JERSEY CITY, N. J.: The members of the Our Lady of Africa Mission Guild have had their annual card party for our needy Missions which has been very successful and a boom for the Missions.

Its particularity this year was that it included a Chinese Supper on American soil and for the profit of the Africans. May all international features bring peace and happiness to the poor as this affair has proven to our needy Africans. May they continue this noble work. Our sincere congratulations and gratitude to the President, Chairman, all who cooperated to make this event such a success.

God's blessings and our prayers will accompany them.

North Africa

Beneficent Influence of the Workroom

Visiting Baia's hut we ask the mother how her girl behaves at home — if she is good?

"Oh! yes, Sister, Baia is a very good girl, always ready to help and comfort me. If she were not here, I think I would never pray. As you know, every day I do six to eight hours of housecleaning for Europeans and when I come home, there is still much to be done to keep the house clean and care for my six orphans.

When night falls I am very tired and truly I have not the courage to make the numerous prostrations the Moslem prayer entails . . . Then Baia tells me: "Mother, you must not go to bed before praying. Animals do that; but we must pray the good God before going to sleep. What if we should die this night!" Then tranquilly with her I recite the prayers you have taught her. We do like that every night."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS WANTED

Old copies of "Our Little Messenger" by Geo. A. Plaum, and also "The Child's Messenger of the Sacred Heart," will be greatly appreciated by our little Africans. You will help them to learn about God.

Please send them to:

WHITE SISTERS CONVENT
Metuchen, N. J.

The Palm Tree

For the Arabs who do not consider it as a tree (it resembles other trees so little), it is a being set aside from creation. Is it not, with all its parts, the life of the Sahara? — trunk, branch, sap, needles, fruits render much service, so that legend has made it, "The Uncle of Man."

In truth, the Mussulmen tell, that when, with the slime of the earth, the good God created as each one knows, our father Adam, there remained in His hands, a little prepared clay. With this surplus He created the palm tree. Because of this origin, a particular respect is vowed to it, and especially, never does one consent to "kill a palm tree."

If there is one on the road? The road will go around it. Must a wall be built? The wall will surround it. Is it a house that is being built? The palm tree will pierce it. Numerous are the terraces where one and even several trees come to add the charm of their shade. They grow "feddar" in the house. Another mark of deference for the "Uncle," in the interior, the trunks rise as columns; the walls and the ceilings respect them soaring on high, and they bare as many holes as the dwelling harbors palm trees. It is indeed a little annoying when it rains . . . but it rains so very seldom.

Now and then, however, it is absolutely indispensable to suppress the "Poor Uncle." Rather than cut it down, they try to transplant it. If it is still small, that is easy enough. But it becomes terribly complicated when it is a large tree. It is transplanted with great solemnity. A large hole, well watered will be prepared. On taking up the unfortunate one, much soil will be left around its roots. It is carried on cords, and the carriers are numerous, for it is heavy. The curious make a procession, chanting, in turn verses as for a burial.

Once replanted, it will be propped up with beams, it will be covered with rags, the palms will be held up in a cluster, those that have been cut will be plastered up with clay, even some amulets delivered by the "taleb" will be attached to it.

In spite of all these precautions, it is very rare that the unfortunate palm tree will endure the treatment. Most of the time it does not grow and withers. At least, "It was not killed."

Ghardaia, Sahara

SR. M. CLAVER, W.S.



Guy de Fontgalland

By L. L. McReavy

Chapter II — "The Vigil"

AFTER his return from Lourdes, Guy became suddenly more pious, reciting night by night in bed a part of his rosary, and speaking ever more frequently of the Blessed Virgin. He fixed up for himself above his bed a picture of the Grotto, and got "Our Lady of Ransom" moved round and set on top of his desk, "so as to have a better view of her." Out in the country, it was noticed that many times a day he became suddenly more pensive, and many times too, he would bring his offering of flowers to lay before Our Lady's statue.



One day the governess, troubled at hearing no sound from the two boys, called out for them. They arrived from the far end of the garden, mud-stained, grubby-kneed, laughing and talking, as if they had just finished a good game.

"Where have you been to get your knees in such a state?"

OBITUARY

- Most Rev. H. T. Renouf, D.D., Bishop of St. George, Newfoundland.
- Rev. Wm. E. Ryan, Worcester, Mass.
- Rev. J. A. Riordan, Milford, Mass.
- Rev. Bro. Rene Hildulf, W.B. (killed in action).
- Rev. Mother M. St. Clare of the Blessed Sacrament, Poor Clares, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Rev. Mother Medulpha, School Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Mr. J. O'Hara, Jamaica, N. Y.
- Mrs. M. English, Jersey City, N. J.
- Mr. Kelleher, W. Newbury, Mass.
- Mrs. Collins, Trenton, N. J.
- Miss M. Craven, New Brunswick, N. J.
- Mrs. C. Sheehan, Savannah, Ga.

R. I. P.

"Well," replied Guy, "I find that Mark doesn't pray enough. So we recited a decade together, kneeling on the ground, and — and it had rained a bit."

Perhaps it was not that Mark was saying too few prayers, but that Guy himself could not say enough. This time, surely, "soon" must mean "very soon," a matter of months, weeks, perhaps even days, and there was not a moment to be lost, not even of playtime. The thrill of Lourdes, no doubt, was wearing off, and the cold nakedness of the cross was making itself felt, now that each week brought its fresh ordeal, each night its own loneliness. He was longing to tell, for the suspense would be easier to bear, if the vigil could only be shared; and more than once he came to the brink of surrender, only to draw back in time before the harm was done.

(To be Continued)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES:

- The Junior Crusade, St. Mary's Academy, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Rev. A. D. Beaton, Port Hawkesbury, N. S.
- St. Mary Magdalen School, Melvindale, Mich. (2 babies)
- St. Mary Magdalen School, Hazel Park, Mich.
- Holy Childhood Club, Boylston, Mass.
- St. Mary's School, Lee, Mass. (2 babies)
- Miss G. Krause, Buffalo, N. Y.
- Mrs. C. Johnston, Port Hawkesbury, N. S.
- St. Peter and Paul School, Detroit, Mich.
- St. Michael School, Rochester, N. Y. (5 babies)
- Sunday School, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HELPED TO SUPPORT THE LEPERS:

- Rev. A. D. Beaton, Port Hawkesbury, N. S.
- Mrs. E. Pozonke, New York, N. Y.
- Mrs. G. B. Yale, Glendale, Calif.

TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING:

- Mrs. E. Pozonke, New York, N. Y. (2)

PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS:

- Miss M. M. Santori, New York, N. Y.
- Miss A. Grajewski, Detroit, Mich.

TO CLOTHE A CHILD FOR FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

- Young Ladies Sodality, St. Helen's Parish, Milwaukee, Wis.
- Mrs. C. Schlink, Detroit, Mich.
- Miss A. Heiner, Buffalo, N. Y.

Nomenclature of the Missions in Which The White Sisters Labor

ALGERIA

Mother House
Algiers 4 missions
Ain-el-Arba
Attafs
Birkadem
Birmandries
El-Affroun
Maison Carree
Rivet

TUNISIA

Bizerte
Carthage
Kairouan
La Marsa
Thibar 2 missions
Tunis
Tunis Sidi Brahim

ATLAS MOUNTAINS

Akbou
Beni-Mengaller 2 missions
Beni-Yenni
Bou-Nouh
Djemaa-Saharidj
Iril-Ali
Ouat' hias
Oued-Aissi
Taguemount-Azouz
Tizi-Ouzou

SAHARA

Ain-Sefra
Biskra 2 missions
El-Golea
Ghardaia
Geryville
Laghout 2 missions
Ouargla
Touggourt

GOLD COAST

Navrongo

FRENCH WEST AFRICA

Bamako 2 missions
Bodo-Dioulasso
Kita
Koupela
Mandyakuy
Ouagadougou 2 missions
Toma
Samoe
Segou

KENYA COLONY

Mangu
Mombasa

NYASSALAND

Bembeke
Kachebere
Mua
Ntakataka

TANGANYKA TERRITORY

Bukumbi
Kagondo
Kala
Kate
Karema
Kigoma
Kisa
Mary Hill
Mbulu
Mugana
Mwansa
Mwazzie
Ndala
Ujiji
Ukerewe
Ushirombo
Sumwe
Tabora
Zimba

UGANDA

Bwanda
Hoima
Kisubi
Nkozi
Rubaga
Toro
Villa Maria

RHODESIA

Cilubi
Cilubula 2 missions
Ipusikiro
Kayambi
Lubwe
Minga

BELGIUM CONGO

Albertville 2 missions
Baudoinville
Bobandana
Bunya
Costermanville
Kamisuku
Kasongo
Katana
La Fomulac
Logo
Loulenga
Mpala
Boukeye

RWANDA URUNDI

Astrida
Issavi 2 missions
Kabgaye
Katara
Muguera
Muyaga
Nyondo
Rushubi
Rwasa
Usumbura
Zaza

In these 118 missions the White Sisters conduct 37 hospitals, 29 Maternity Hospitals, 44 Baby Welfare Centers, 98 Dispensaries, 9 Leper Colonies and visit the sick at domicile. Thus, through the care of the body, souls are won for God. Then for the moral and social education of the women and girls the Sisters also conduct 57 workrooms, 111 schools — primary, high and normal — 47 orphanages, catechetical classes at the missions and, to lead chosen souls to the state of perfection, 15 native Novitiates.

In order to maintain all these spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the White Sisters have recruiting houses, procures and sanitariums in BELGIUM, CANADA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, and HOLLAND.

Would you not like to help in their works and share their merits?
See inside of front cover.

SUGGESTIONS
for
LENTEN RESOLUTIONS
to HELP the AFRICAN MISSIONS

YOU MAY —

Renew your subscription to the Messenger of Our Lady of Africa.

Subscribe to the MESSENGER for a friend.

Subscribe if you are only a reader - but a non-subscriber —

Pass your COPY to a friend.

Send names of friends who may be interested in this cause.

=====

Messenger of Our Lady of Africa
Metuchen, New Jersey

1 year \$1.00
6 years \$5.00

Dear Sister:

Enclosed please find \$..... for a subscription to the Messenger of Our Lady of Africa for year(s)

Name

Address

Names of Friends:

Name

Address

Name

Address

=====

IMPORTANT: Subscription envelope enclosed in this number.

